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Zodiac Girls
by Willy Pogany
Taurus

TAURUS, "The Bull," is the second sign of the zodiac. In mythology, Jupiter, captivated by Europa's beauty, turned himself into a white bull and carried her across the waters to Crete. To this adventure, Europe owes its name. Jupiter commemorated it by placing Taurus in the sky.

(See Next Page)

Crashed Into a Nest of Giant Reptiles

STRANGE, almost beyond belief, are some of the stories set down in the logs of airplane pilots who make forced landings in out-of-the-way places. But none of these can top a yarn told by E. L. Curran, chief pilot of the shuttle air line between Managua and Bluefields, Nicaragua.

Not long ago Curran and a couple of passengers were winging over the trackless jungle between the terminals of his airy beat. A motor failed and he had to volplane to a small opening in the tangled and steaming greenery.

The wing tips cleared the trunks of towering mahogany and balsa trees by inches. The wheels stopped on the brink of a wide place in a mountain torrent.

Curran and his passengers unstrapped their safety belts, stepped out on the soggy ground and studied their surroundings.

Suddenly one of the passengers screamed and flattened himself against the plane. He pointed a trembling finger at a bulging, muscular mass coiled around the lower limb of a nearby tree.

"And it's got horns," he whispered.

Before Curran could get a good look at the thing in the gathering dusk, his other passenger yelled and pointed into a tree on the opposite side of the little clearing.

"That one's got horns, too," he croaked, "but it looks like a snake."

The pilot ordered his companions to pipe down and stay put until he could get a good look at what was panicking them.

"I won't say that I wasn't nervous," says the flier. "They had spotted a couple of big boa constrictors gorged with deer that had come down to the mountain stream to drink—and I made out at least a dozen more wrapped greasily around other trees.

All around us were the skulls and the bleached horns and bones of deer that had come to drink and remained to die. The giant reptiles draped themselves around the trees at this water hole to get their rations of fresh meat with a minimum of effort. They had been doing all right for a long time."

Curran had taken his bearings when his engine started to sputter and knew that he and his passengers were not far from the town of Tipani. A look at his compass told him in what direction that place lay.

He swung the beam of his flashlight in a circle around the clearing to spot the snakes that were too full of deer to move—and to locate any empty and hungry boas that might be ready to drop out of the trees in anticipation of a feast of "long pig."

Then, figuring a route that took him and his passengers out of range of these powerful reptiles, he threaded his way through the small forest of weatherbeaten deer horns, and soon picked up a narrow jungle trail that led to a native village near Tipani.

"I like excitement," said the flier, "but I can get along without snakes on my landing fields."

Every Tree in That Section of the Steaming Jungle Seemed to Be Infested With Swollen Boa Constrictors and Sun-Bleached Deer Horns.

When the Poisoned Man Kissed the Feet of the Snow-White Statue of the Saviour He Was Miraculously Saved From Death as the Statue Gradually Became as Black as Coal.

Poisoned—but a Statue Saved Him

THE other day a long procession of worshippers filed past a blackened statue of the Saviour in the Cathedral of Mexico in Mexico City. They kissed the feet of the image and surrounded it with flowers.

This was no ordinary religious ceremony; it was in memory of a miracle that happened 295 years ago—when the statue, then a masterpiece of snow-white marble, saved the life of one Don Fermin Andueza.

In those days the sculpture was in the little church of Portia Coeli and Don Fermin began every day with a prayer at the foot of the statue.

This Spanish grandee was beloved by the poor for his Christian virtues—and he was hated by some of the worldly members of his class, particularly by Don Ismael Trevino.

Don Ismael thought the liquidation of Don Fermin was essential to his way of life, so he sent him a poisoned cake, as an anonymous gift.

Don Fermin ate some of the cake and dragged himself to the statue of Christ in mortal agony. Don Ismael followed his victim and saw him kiss the Lord's feet. Then the miracle happened—the white feet slowly turned black and this sombre color rose until the whole sculpture seemed to be carved of ebony. Don Fermin rose to his feet a healthy man.

The statue was eventually moved to the city's largest cathedral and has been worshipped ever since as Our Lord of the Poison.

What Taurus Means to You

By VINCENT LOPEZ
Famous Orchestra Leader

TAURUS, "The Bull," is your astrological sign if your birthday occurs from April 20th to May 20th of any year. Venus is your ruling planet.

Dependability is one of your outstanding qualities. But you can be stubborn.

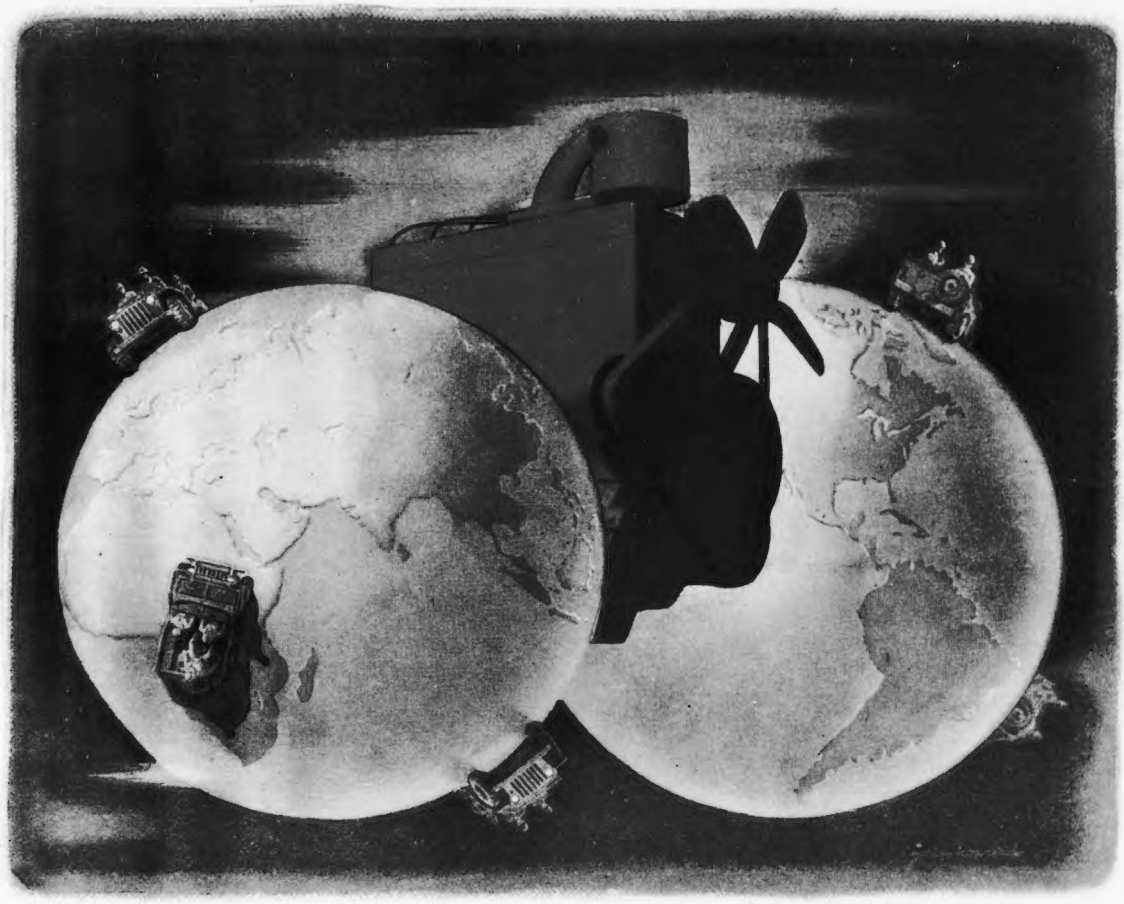
Your friends can count on your loyalty, but they can also find you unreasonable.

A knowledge of what you want in life, coupled with self-reliance and determination, is a big asset to you.

You try to avoid pain and you do not like to hurt others.

You exercise caution in making plans and are willing to wait patiently until they come to fruition.

Loyalty in marriage and to business associates is one of your admirable traits. You work hard and appreciate comfort, but you always make good in positions of private or public trust. You are fond of music, art and nature.



THE SUN NEVER SETS ON THE MIGHTY JEEP

THE POWER CENTER about which the world-wide service record of the Jeep fighting car revolves . . . the *reason* for every motorized miracle it performs for the Allied forces . . . and the *sole source* of Jeep power, Jeep speed, Jeep flexibility, dependability, and fuel economy, is the Willys "Go-Devil" Jeep Engine, designed and perfected by Willys-Overland Motors, Inc., "Builders of the Mighty Jeep".

WILLYS *Builds the Mighty* JEEP

The power and stamina of the versatile Jeep will serve many needs in the years of reconstruction ahead.

You Only THINK You Know What a Spook Looks Like

This Spook of Mist and Moonlight Is Most People's Idea of a Departed Soul Come Back to Earth.

By OSCAR GOLDBERG
M.D., PH.D.,
Former Director of the Oriental Institute at Munich

EVER seen a ghost?

If you haven't, maybe you think of them as misty figures shrouded in white, with hollow voices and a tendency to walk without difficulty through solid stone walls.

Well, you're wrong. Ghosts don't look like that at all.

No, the ghosts I've seen, and I've seen a couple of dozen, look like the drawings on this page, which represent their astral bodies or that part of them which remained earthbound.

Let me explain how I acquired the ability to see ghosts.

For twenty years I was Director of the Oriental Institute at the University of Munich, Germany, specializing in Oriental psychology. I used to travel to the East, where I met a famous yogi, Shri Agamya Guru Paramahamsa, who lived in Kashmir.

This Hindu teacher had great control over his body and, as a medical man, I was naturally interested. Through him I became familiar with ghosts, phenomena which I and most of my scientific colleagues had scoffed at.

The study of ghosts is not simple. My teacher made me learn all there was in an ancient Hindu book, the "Hathayograpradipika."

At the same time, I had to go on a diet of gruel and rice. Drink was prohibited and so was love. In addition, I had to learn certain sacred incantations.

After six months, my teacher took me to a deep gorge in the mountains and told me to peer intently into it.

"What do you see?" he asked.

"I see an eye," I said. "A big eye."

The yogi said he saw it, too.

"Now, you may work for the redemption of the world," he announced solemnly. "The release of earthbound souls (ghosts) is the first and lowest step of salvation. Go to Patan, in Nepal. There is a ghost there, in the temple of Min-Nath."

It was in Patan that I actually saw my first ghost.

I was sitting in the temple, with two priests, a sketch pad on my knee. Suddenly, a third priest appeared before me. It was not until the priest beside me nudged my arm that I realized the apparition was not human.

Quickly I started sketching, and the result was gratifying. What my mind's eye saw was not the priest as he appeared in real life, but his earthbound spirit.

Later, I found the ghostly priest wandered in this form because he had taken money and presents, contrary to the rule of the temple, and now his spirit could not rest in peace.

In two years in India I saw eleven ghosts. Many of them I was able to release through incantations.

There was the ghost of the old woman who had buried the family fortune and died before she could tell anyone where it was.

I went to Srinagar, where the apparition had appeared, and managed to sketch the inner structure of the unhappy lady.

I observed the route the spirit always traveled, which seemed to end near the mantelpiece in the house the deceased woman had occupied.

I told her children to dig there and the money was soon found. Thus I was able to release her earthbound spirit and she never appeared to haunt her children after that time.

There are two kinds of ghosts. One is the kind you are liable to meet, such as I have already described. The other is what the Tibetans call a "walking thought."

In the West, however, there is no fear of confusing the two. When you come to a haunted house here, you may be sure to see a real ghost, not a thought. The reason is that our thoughts are not as strong as those of the mysterious East.

Never be afraid of a ghost; they are just unhappy spirits who have unfinished business on earth. I have never seen an American ghost, though I certainly hope to some day.

Last June, I visited the famous octagon house of Dolly Madison in Washington.

This famous First Lady had a habit of decorating her rooms with lilacs. At various points on the hardwood floor I smelled a persistent scent of lilacs mixed with the odor of mold. These perfumed spots are spaced as though caused by someone's footsteps.

In the same house I experienced the so-called "stop" sensation on the spot under the winding staircase where, years ago, the body of the Tayloe girl was found after she threw herself over the balustrade on the third floor.

She was the daughter of Col. Benjamin Ogle Tayloe, one of the richest men in colonial America.

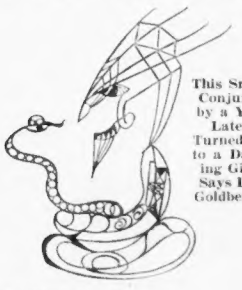
One day she eloped with a man of whom the colonel disapproved so much that he cursed his unruly daughter and forbade her to come back home.

It is said that the daughter returned home in spite of her father's warning, and after a violent altercation with him, she committed suicide by jumping off the staircase.

To this day, no one can pass the spot without stumbling and stopping as though halted by an invisible cord stretched across the room.

Hindu Sanctuaries Become Alive With Such Spirit Figures as This.

Figure Doomed to Be a Spook Because a Girl Had Cursed Him When She Died. Left—The Rhine's Lorelei, One of the Loveliest Conceptions of a Ghost.



This Snake Conjured by a Yogi Later Turned Into a Dancing Girl, Says Dr. Goldberg.

Spirit of a Girl Earthbound. Her Lover Was Killed in the War.

Why "Perfect Crime" Killers Pick Public Places

Before the Eyes of Mrs. Patricia Goodbody, Her Mother Was Shot to Death by a Phantom Killer in the Heart of One of the World's Biggest Cities.

Bullet-Punctured Window in the Hotel Bedroom Where Mrs. Williams Was So Mysteriously Murdered.

Mrs. Adele Born Williams, Socially Prominent Wife of a State Department Attache and Victim of the Hotel Killer Who Left No Clue.

Slowly the Door Swung Open, and Out of the Bathroom There Came — Death.

HIDDEN behind and among 3,000,000 people, someone killed a wealthy society matron in Chicago and knocked an awful hole in the almost universal theory that an isolated spot is the best place to commit a murder.

It was a perfect crime perpetrated in the most unlikely of all locales and times—the mammoth Drake Hotel in the heart of a busy metropolis at the height of the evening rush hour.

The watch on the wrist of Mrs. Patricia Goodbody showed 6:05 p. m. as she and her mother, Mrs. Adele Born Williams, stood before the door of Room 836. Mrs. Williams, the attractive wife of a State Department attache, fitted her key into the lock and exclaimed:

"That's strange—the door is unlocked. I'm positive that I locked it when I left for the hairdresser's."

The two women went inside and took off their coats. Mrs. Williams slipped into a negligee. They chatted for a few minutes and then Mrs. Goodbody opened the door to the bathroom. There was a swift movement and Patricia called out:

"Mother, is there anyone else in the apartment?"

Out of the bathroom, so swiftly that the outline was blurred, came a dark, almost shadowy figure with a pistol. The first shot was so close that it left powder-stains on Patricia's left hand. Two more missed and the third one struck the mother in the forehead. The figure vanished, Patricia swayed dazedly for a moment and then ran screaming into the hall.

Mrs. Goodbody, who is 28 and the wife of a foreign exchange broker now in Bombay, was the first to describe the specterlike killer. It was a woman, she said, a graying blonde about 5 feet, 3 inches tall, wearing a black Persian lamb coat and a red ornament in her hat or her hair.

Of the uncounted thousands who passed through the hotel before and after the shooting, and of the millions who live in its environs, just five other persons remembered glimpsing the Woman in the Persian Coat.

A social leader saw her at lunch in the Drake several hours before the crime. Two businessmen, in the eighth-floor corridor, said she brushed past just after they heard the shots. She seemed to be headed for the service stairs, they said.

A bell captain and a bellboy, a month later, told the police they saw her leave the elevator at 7 o'clock the morning after the murder.

There seemed to be little doubt that for many long hours the killer roamed through the crowded hotel.

Two house detectives covered every step of a service stairway in their search for a discarded weapon. They found nothing. But at 3:30 a. m., while ascending the same stairway, they stumbled over a pistol.

Ballistics showed it was the murder gun. It bore no fingerprints.

Then there was the duplicate key to Room 836. It was missing from the hotel office, but at 10:30 p. m. it reappeared mysteriously. That led to the arrest of Mrs. Ellen Bennett, the key clerk.

Her sister, Mrs. Anna Minck, who also was arrested, had a police record as a hotel prowler. But both had alibis and were eventually released.

The motive for the murder remained as elusive as the killer.

Robbery? Of Mrs. Williams' $35,000 in jewels and her valuable furs, only a black pearl, an aquamarine and a $500 baum marten neckpiece were missing.

Revenge? A widely-traveled, worldly-wise cosmopolite, Mrs. Williams was known to have a biting wit that annoyed many, but her family insisted she had no enemies.

Jealousy? Her first husband, Edgar R. Born, an affluent clothing manufacturer, was one of the first to arrive at the murder scene. Her second husband, Frank Starr Williams, State Department expert on Oriental affairs, flew to Chicago. Born's first wife was in a Virginia sanitarium.

Greed? A will disposing of Mrs. Williams' $465,000 estate cut off both husbands and divided her property between her two daughters, Mrs. Goodbody and Elizabeth Born, both in excellent financial circumstances.

Intrigue? In Tokio, where Williams was an attache, the couple lived in the leased home of Saburo Kurusu, Japanese diplomat, who was lulling America when the war broke out.

The secret of seeking safety in crowds is not new to the underworld.

Arnold Rothstein was shot outside the Park Central Hotel in New York.

Dutch Schultz got his come-uppance in a Newark saloon at the same time his lieutenant, Marty Krompier, was shot in a Manhattan barber shop.

Jack (Legs) Diamond was shot in a Manhattan hotel; then—conclusively—in an Albany, N. Y., rooming house.

Jake Lingle was bumped off in a crowded pedestrian tunnel in Chicago.

One of the most famous of all unsolved mysteries—the murder of Dot King, the Broadway showgirl—took place in a residential hotel in the heart of New York City.

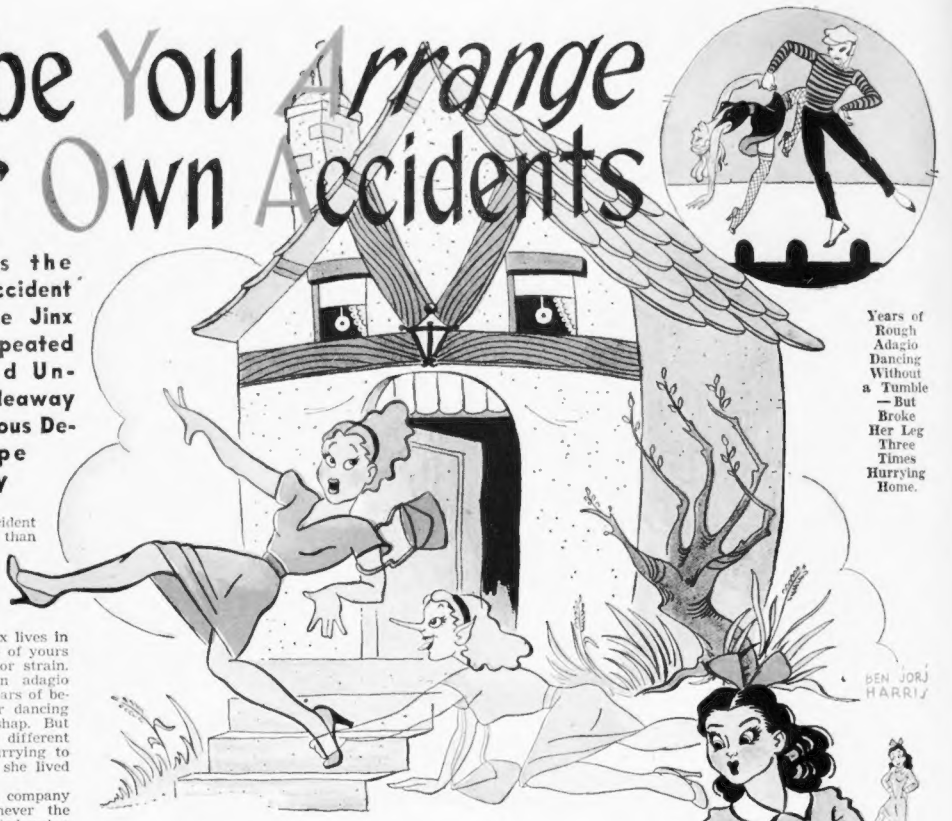
Vivian Gordon, who knew some secrets of the underworld, was slain in an unidentified spot in New York City. But her killer, who was never caught, deposited her garroted body in plain view in Central Park, in the heart of Manhattan.

On the other hand, murders committed in lonely desert highways, on isolated farms, in deserted side-roads result, more often than not, in the arrest of the slayer.

The killer of Mrs. Williams plainly understood that.

Maybe You Arrange Your Own Accidents

Science Puts the Finger on "Accident Proneness," the Jinx That Causes Repeated Mishaps; and Uncovers Its Hideaway in an Unconscious Desire to Escape Responsibility



Years of Rough Adagio Dancing Without a Tumble —But Broke Her Leg Three Times Hurrying Home.

IF THE same kind of accident happens to you more than twice, science can tell you the name, address and facial features of your jinx. The name is "accident proneness" or habit. The face is in your mirror. And the jinx lives in some subconscious desire of yours to escape responsibility or strain.

Take the case of an adagio dancer who, in twelve years of being tossed about by her dancing partners, never had a mishap. But she broke her leg three different times when she was hurrying to leave her house, where she lived with her parents.

The accident insurance company that had to pay whenever the dancer was incapacitated put a psychiatrist on her trail. Without telling her his profession he made friends with her. He soon found out that home was hell for her, torn as she was between love of her parents and fury at their interference with her life outside the home.

Each time she broke her leg she went to a hospital for a long stay and surprised everyone but the psychiatrist by her cheerfulness as a patient. It was only when it was time for her to go home that she grew gloomy. "There's some jinx waiting for me outside!" she said to the psychiatrist.

"The jinx is a subconscious habit you've formed," he told her. "Whenever things at home are more than you can stand you break a leg. You think it's an accident. Well, you'll have the same kind of accident so long as you're under the same pressure."

Soon after this she married, set up a home and broke no more legs.

Scientists at the Presbyterian Hospital Medical Centre in New York have studied "accident proneness" in more than 1,600 patients admitted there, most of them with fractures of legs or arms. Some patients had as many as 20 "accidents," each often injuring the same limb the same way. The findings are revealed by Dr. H. Flanders Dunbar in his book, "Psychomatic Medicine" (Harpers).

In a majority of the cases extended questioning revealed "accident proneness" like the dancer's, due to some subconscious device to escape pressure more painful than a broken limb.

The National Research Council has reported that an alarming number of painful accidents occur in what one would suppose to be a safe environment, the office. The Council's report ascribes many of these accidents to falling light bulbs, tiles that drop from the ceiling, slipping on polished floors, swivel chairs that fall over, etc.

But many of the stenographers, filing clerks and others, who have been hurt by accidents in offices, were found to have "accident proneness" which disappeared entirely whenever emotional pressure was eliminated.

If you think those afflicted with "accident proneness" are just sickly neurotics, the histories of a large percentage of the fracture patients at the Medical Centre prove the contrary. The men and women who were studied there for the causes of their fracture accidents had good health histories and were keenly interested in sports and in machinery.

They had few dreams at night and brooded little. They were men and women not only active by temperament but loved adventure and took long chances.

Their one failing in common was inability to face some psychological situation squarely. One of the patients whose case was studied at the Medical Centre was a structural iron worker who had not the slighest fear of walking on a steel beam 30 stories in the air in a high wind.

But he lost his job and could not find another. One day while looking for work he tripped over a curbstone and broke his leg.

At the hospital he seemed remarkably cheerful in spite of his accident. Afterwards he confessed: "It sure was a relief not to have to tell the wife that I couldn't find a job." He did not realize that he was thus explaining the chief cause of his "accident."

Another patient was a 17-year-old high school girl who broke her knee at football. The accident was considered remarkable because the girl long had been playing a soft game as far as football went.

Questioning brought out the fact that she was the unwanted child of a mother who had married again. The girl's appearance and manner reminded the mother of the man she wanted to forget. The girl, on the other hand, dreaded being sent away by her mother.

The doctors who questioned the girl felt they had an important clue to her "accident" when she kept repeating over and over:

"Mother couldn't possibly send me away now, could she, when I am so sick and may possibly be a cripple for life?"

He Walked Without Fear On Naked Beams 30 Stories in the Air But a Psychological Situation Created by Loss of His Job Was Too Much For Him—He Tripped Over a Curbstone With Disastrous Results and Went Happily Off to the Hospital.

Accidents That Happen Repeatedly to Persons in a Safe Environment Can Almost Always Be Traced to the Gremlins of Emotional Pressure.

A remarkable case of "accident proneness" was that of a man of 25. He fell through a window a short distance to the ground, hurting his right arm.

He started for the Presbyterian Hospital. At Riverside Drive and 165th Street there is a high ledge. For no reason he could explain he fell off this ledge and broke his leg.

Questioning brought out that the man had willed the first accident, then was afraid it was not serious enough to afford him the psychological escape he was after.

So if you feel that the accident jinx is after you, look within for some maladjustment to some situation in life.

Fiery Trail of the MADHOUSE BRIDE

Maude Ott, Whom Love Turned Into a Firebug.

Women's Ward of the Logansport State Hospital Where Mrs. Ott Twice Started Fires.

IT BROKE out at 2:30 A. M., probably the most terrifying thing in the world—fire in a madhouse. Screams and hoarse, inhuman cries rose above the clangor of the alarm bells. Doctors, orderlies and attendants groped through smoke-filled wards of the $2,500,000 State Hospital at Evansville, Ind., to save the inmates. Mounting flames crackled and roared, lighting a scene of unearthly horror.

Some patients hid under the beds in their terror and confusion. Others, violently insane, fought like demons against rescue. Half a hundred in straitjackets watched the flames approach and squirmed in agony at the searing heat. Men and women, barefooted and in their nightclothes, fled to the lawn and collapsed.

In the end, eight of the flame-trapped residents—six inmates and two employes—died in the inferno. That was in February 1943.

In January of this year an orderly smelled smoke as he was walking through a corridor of the Ohio State Hospital at Toledo. He raced round a corner and saw flames breaking through the door of a linen closet. Fast work with hand extinguishers put out the blaze before the fire department arrived, but officials said a little more delay would have resulted in another Evansville tragedy.

Barely a month later, on Feb. 20, the automatic alarm in the State Hospital at Logansport, Ind., rang furiously. Attendants and orderlies located the blaze and put it out.

The fires were all incendiary. But who was starting them?

Soon, the question was answered. The alarm rang again at Logansport, and this time the blaze was discovered in a basement storeroom. The smell of kerosene was strong as firemen entered. Investigation showed that it had been sprinkled over the floor and walls and a match applied.

Among many employes questioned was Mrs. Maude Lucass Ott, a square-faced, formidable attendant in the women's ward.

Under questioning, she broke down and told an extraordinary story that explained not only the Logansport fires, but cast light on the others.

She had been an insane asylum inmate herself, suffering from epileptic psychosis.

After 13 years as an inmate of various institutions, she was discharged as cured in August 1942, from the West Virginia State Hospital, Weston.

A month later, under the name of Aleen Elliott, she gained employment as an attendant at the Indiana State Hospital in Richmond. There, she met James Ott, 45, a bachelor who also was employed at the hospital.

Romance blossomed quickly, and, in December, they were married.

There began a honeymoon that, as police pieced it out from the stories told to them by Mrs. Ott and her husband, was surely without parallel.

James Ott, Husband of the Not So Righteous Bride.

State Hospital at Logansport, Indiana, Which Escaped the Fate of the Evansville Hospital Where the Madhouse Bride Started a Fire in a Linen Closet and Watched Eight Die in a $2,500,000 Blaze.

Its first stage took them from the Richmond hospital to Evansville, Ind., State Hospital, where, again, the former asylum inmate had no difficulty getting a job as an attendant.

Then, on Feb. 9, came the fire that cost the lives of eight. It was a puzzle to the authorities, but Bridegroom Ott had discovered his bride was a pyromaniac.

"I know what happened at Evansville, all right," he told investigating officers. "And what happened at Toledo. And here at Logansport, too.

"We'd been married only a couple of months when we went to work at the Evansville hospital. One night, she said, 'I'm going to set this place on fire.'

"I didn't believe her—thought she was kidding. But she meant it.

"'There's too much love-making going on around here,' she told me. 'Married women hugging and kissing other attendants. I won't stand for it. I'll get rid of those love-birds. I'm going to burn the place down.'

"I told her to mind her own business and stop being foolish, but she paid no attention to me.

"When the fire-alarm woke me up, and I realized she was on duty, I broke out in a cold sweat.

"I did not see her until the day after the fire and then she told me all about it. I told her it was a shame to start that fire and cause so many deaths, but she didn't seem sorry.

"Aleen told me that she started the fire on the row tunnel (linen closet) with a match and paper, and left.

"I did not say anything about the fire because she was my wife and I hated to tell it.

"Then we went to Toledo where we took jobs at the Ohio State Hospital. For a time everything went well. But one day Aleen told me that she was not getting along with other attendants and she was going to set fire to the hospital to get even with them.

"She started it in a linen closet and then came to me and said she was going to leave. I talked her into staying until next day, when we returned to our home in Birdseye.

"We came to Logansport, Feb. 5, 1944, and got jobs at the State Hospital. Shortly after we started work here, she told me she was going to set the place afire one of these days.

"I said to her, 'Quit doing that, for they will have you in the penitentiary and you will get me into trouble.'

"The next night fire broke out and I knew Aleen had started it. The next day she told me she started it."

For her own part, Mrs. Ott confessed setting the Logansport fires, but denied the Evansville and Toledo fires. However, retracing her career, officers concluded that she had been a dangerous arsonist for a long time, and had blazed a fiery trail even before she and Ott went on their strange and tragic madhouse honeymoon.

While waiting trial, she attempted suicide. On March 14, last, fully recovered, she appeared in court at Logansport before Judge John B. Smith, and pleaded guilty to second degree arson in connection with the Logansport fires. Judge Smith imposed a sentence of from one to 10 years imprisonment and recommended a sanity examination.

It sounded like a good idea.

Junior strikes a blow for his Soldier Dad

WITH DAD IN THE SERVICE, Junior wants to go, too. "I betcha I'm bigger than one of those Jap shrimps right now," he says, ". . . and I'm almost 14." "I know how you feel, son," says Mother. "And we'll help Dad—*really* help him—the way he would want us to."

NEXT DAY, at Mother's suggestion, Junior goes to the high school principal. He learns he can help a nearby farmer during summer vacation. (County Agents also have information.) "You'll be a soldier of your country like your Dad," the principal tells Junior, "because food fights for freedom, too."

BEFORE JUNIOR'S FIRST DAY AT THE FARM, Mother checks her pantry. Mother is working at the ration board, but she and Junior will be home for evening meals. You'll note there is plenty of Prem because it's a family favorite. (That Swift's Premium sugar-cure makes a hit with everyone!)

IT'S GOOD FOR GOOD HEALTH! "A few weeks of working out here in the fresh air and sunlight will do you a world of good," Farmer Brown tells Junior and his friends. What's more, they'll be paid the prevailing wage rates. And a soldier's family can certainly use the extra money.

TIRED BUT HAPPY, after a busy day at the ration board, Mother needs only a few minutes to get her Prem dinner ready. The proteins in Prem are the highest type—good builders of strength and vitality. It contains minerals and B vitamins, too. So it's a great meat for vigorous, active people.

JUST LOOK AT THIS: Pan fried Prem, with sauce on the side; fresh asparagus; and parsley potatoes. The Prem sauce is made from 1 cup currant jelly and 1 tbsp. horseradish. Because it's all meat, no waste, half a can of Prem is plenty for two. It's always a money-saving, point-thrifty buy.

Prem

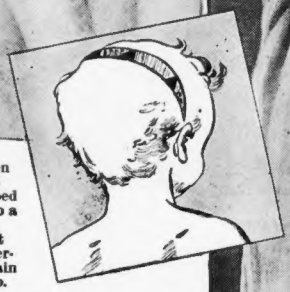
a Swift's Premium Meat

Prem, sugar-cured the exclusive Swift's Premium way, comes in oblong tins, round tins, glass jars.

WE FIX HUMANS

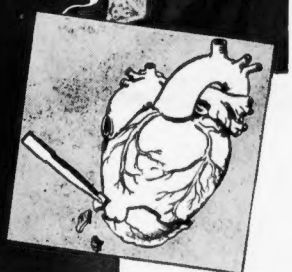
Emergency Repairs Our Specialty

Curious Expedients By Resourceful Surgeons Who Have Forced Death to Take a Holiday



Little Alden Vorrath's Skull Stopped Growing, So a Surgeon Wedged It Open to Permit the Brain to Develop.

"Death and the Physician," the Distinguished Artist Ivo Saliger's Conception of Man's Eternal Struggle to Live, His Chances Greatly Increased by Today's Medical Miracles.



When Mrs. Matt Lyon Developed a "Stone Heart," Surgeons Chipped Away a Half-Inch Layer of Calcium.

STRANGE things happen to people—and medical science does stranger things to snatch them from death and repair the damage of disease or injury. Sometimes the instrument is a skilful mechanical device, fashioned out of a dream of man. Sometimes it is the application of common sense.

Surgeons remember the adage: "Nothing ventured, nothing gained." And by taking gambles they have saved many a life. For instance, by cutting out a gland to cure insatiable thirst. Or sawing the skull in half to let the brain grow. Or forcing beads down a throat to open it.

In New York today, Dr. Alexander E. W. Ada is telling how he found a needle two and one-half inches long in a woman's heart and took it out with the aid of an electronic finger.

The moving finger is an invention, oddly enough, of Samuel Berman, a research engineer for New York City's subway system. It is shaped much like the human finger, only longer, and is wired to an electric circuit so designed as to signal the location of metal.

About 30 of the machines have been built and, by good fortune, some were at Pearl Harbor the day of the Japanese attack. They were used with great success there. But Dr. Ada was the first to enlist one in a hunt for a needle in a human being's heart.

The patient was a 23-year-old woman who, through an accident, pushed the needle into her chest. She wasn't even in pain until a month later, when she felt a slight twinge, and went to a doctor.

X-rays were taken, disclosing the needle in the heart area. Dr. Ada cut out parts of two ribs, laying the heart bare. Then he called on the Berman locater to tell him just where the needle rested. It indicated the apex, the pointed end of the heart. He made a half-inch incision at the spot and the needle slid out.

The patient recovered and is living a normal life.

There's the case of a man in Kearny, N. J., who was stabbed during a fight. He was carried to West Hudson Hospital with a three-and-one-half-inch blade between his ribs. A quarter-inch of the knife was in his heart. Dr. Howard R. Dukes pulled out the weapon and took three stitches in the organ.

One of the oddest heart operations was performed at Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minn., on Mrs. Matt Lyon, 36. She literally had a "stone heart"—a half-inch layer of calcium as hard as rock adhering to the natural tissue. Doctors put her on a table and in four hours cut away the growth.

Mrs. Lyon had too much calcium. Julian Gough, of Kansas City, Mo., didn't have enough. That was why he had a perpetual thirst for ten years. He couldn't get enough to drink. The average person downs three quarts of fluids daily. Gough poured it in at the rate of three gallons a day—water, lemonade, milk, iced tea, "anything that was wet and cold"—and still he was thirsty.

One day Gough fell and broke his hip. He was taken to Research Hospital, where doctors took X-rays of his framework. It looked like an overcoat thrown to the moths.

The cause was traced to the parathyroid glands in the neck. For lack of a vitamin they were working overtime. The overwork caused dehydration. The surgeons gave Gough vitamins and cut out his parathyroid (and his thirst).

Hans Nelson, of Minneapolis, also had parathyroid trouble. He began to shrink. Once he stood 5 feet 10, then 5 feet.

Dr. Richard Johnson, of the University of Minnesota Hospital, took a look at Nelson and decided he was a victim of softening of the bone, known as osteomalacia. Dr. Johnson cut out half of Nelson's parathyroid and stopped the shrinkage.

A string of beads put Mrs. Agnes Gregory, 32, of Kansas City, on the road to health. When she was two years old she swallowed some lye, scaring the delicate lining of her throat and esophagus. The burn healed, but new scar tissue grew there, gradually filling up the passage to her stomach.

After 25 years, Mrs. Gregory's gullet was so constricted she could swallow only liquids. After 30 years she could swallow virtually nothing at all.

She was taken to Kansas City General Hospital, and there a staff physician got a hunch. He remembered the kindergarten game of stringing beads of graduated size. He decided to try it on Mrs. Gregory's tight throat. First he had her swallow a silk thread. To the other end he attached a fine steel wire, gently pushing it down her throat to the stomach.

Next he threaded the wire with a tiny steel bead, no bigger than a grain of wheat. He propelled it down her throat with a small spring. The next was a little larger, so was the next. The process was repeated for ten days until Mrs. Gregory was able to gulp a bead as large as a hickory nut. The beads were pulled up, and Mrs. Gregory swallowed steak for the first time in her life.

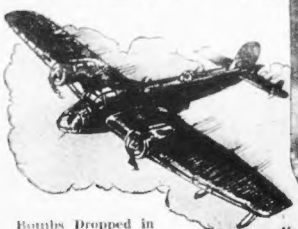
Alden Vorrath was under a dangerous handicap. At two and a half he was suffering from microcephalia, an abnormal swelling of the head, which prevents normal growth of the brain. Idiocy is the result.

The boy was taken to Children's Hospital in Washington, where Dr. H. H. Schoenfeld cut the skull in half from ear to ear. Metal wedges were inserted to hold the halves three-fifths of an inch apart. Bone will never reform between the separated parts, but nature will provide a hard scar tissue and meanwhile the brain will develop normally.

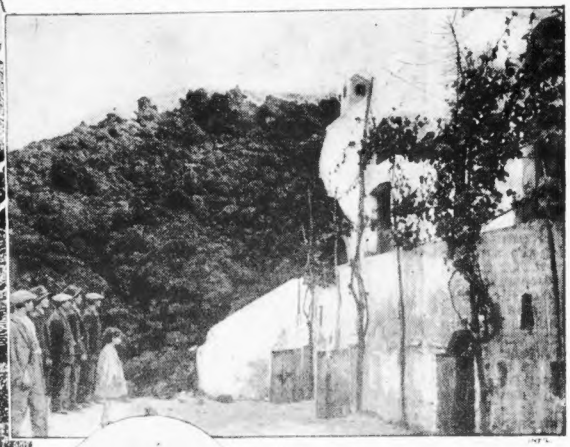
And so it goes. Surgeons have even excised parts of the skull, boiled them to kill germs, and put them back in the head. But what fighting men want now is a cure for "jeepitis." That's what a soldier gets after bouncing around for hours in a jeep. Calluses develop at the base of the spine and turn into cysts, requiring an operation. The GI's like the jeeps, but not the surgeon's knife.

Did Man or Nature Set Off Vesuvius?

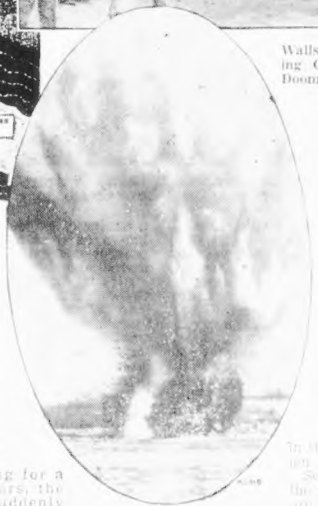
A Sudden Pall of Darkness, Then a Cataclysmic Rain of Fire and Pumice, Trapped Terrorized Romans in Their Seaside Villas When Vesuvius Roused From Its 1,000-Year Nap, in 79 A. D., and Buried Pompeii Under a Gritty Blanket of Death.



Bombs Dropped in the Crater Might Loosen the Volcanic Cork and Cause an Eruption.



Walls of Lava, Like Huge Burning Coal Beds, Creep Through the Doomed Villages, Pulverizing Everything Along the Way. It's Believed Many Bomb Explosions Like the One at the Left May Have Set Vesuvius Off This Year.



By
DR. HAROLD O. WHITNALL
Professor of Geology, Colgate University

WHEN war moved too close to the foot of the world's most treacherous and unpredictable volcano, and the bombs of man clattered ominously on the stone roofs of its subterranean lair, Mount Vesuvius went on a rampage.

Hurling rocks and ash in the air and pouring white-hot streams of lava down its sides into defenseless villages below, it belched scornfully at the puny pyrotechnics of humans.

Pulverizing buildings, engulfing vineyards and orchards, crumpling railways and bridges as if they were papier-mache, the relentless, slow-moving walls that looked like huge burning coal beds drove men and women from their humble homes.

With the help of allied armies the little villages that had flourished in Vesuvius' shadow were evacuated before the lava flow wiped them out.

Now the mountain that hasn't really slumbered for almost 2,000 years is quiet again, but it may only be taking a breather, getting ready for more vigorous protests to the fighting on its doorstep. The next few months will tell.

Meanwhile, experts are wondering whether Vesuvius' sudden violent activity late in March may have been a revolt brought on by continuous pounding of the nearby earth with blockbusters and heavy shells.

Others have suggested that perhaps vengeful Axis forces dropped high explosives right down the mountain's excitable throat as they were forced to retreat. Acting like a powerful emetic, these bombs may have been the instruments that caused the mountain to spew destruction on the Italians—a diabolical backdrop to the present cruel war picture.

For the last 73 years Vesuvius has been in a jittery, hair-trigger state of excitement. The balance between the internal pressure of molten material and gases, and that of the rock-like lava plug that holds the quiescent volcano bottled up, has been extremely delicate.

Twice in the last three-quarters of a century there have been major eruptions. One of these occurred in 1872, the other in 1906. Since the 1944 outburst may not be entirely over for some months, it is impossible to say how far it may outrank either of these.

There is little prospect, however, that the volcanic bad man of the Mediterranean will be roused this time to repeat the devastation of 79 A. D. when, after sleeping for a thousand years, the mountain suddenly woke and hurled so much debris into the air that the luxurious seaside resorts of Pompeii and Herculaneum were buried under a gritty blanket of death.

For three days the doomed cities underwent a terrific hailstorm of pumice—a deadly rain of fire. Boats of persons trying to flee the fury by sea were sunk by the weight of the rain. Scientists [illegible] by early observers gains by modern Roman [illegible] were buried alive and 2000 [illegible] perished in agony in that ancient Vesuvian blackout.

So completely were the two Roman pleasure cities interred that their very existence was forgotten for nearly 1700 years.

That early devastation undoubtedly was the work of Nature, the rejuvenation of a volcano which everyone had believed to be a harmless mountain peak.

But this time it is reasonable to believe that man's war machines are responsible, at least in part, for the angry outburst.

With Vesuvius in a touch-and-go state of equilibrium, it is possible that concussion from the firing of big guns and explosions of thousands of tons of bombs may have been the equivalent of the proverbial "straw that broke the camel's back." Tremendous reverberations might have jarred loose the insecure volcanic cork or stimulated chemical reactions within.

It no longer is believed that the earth has a molten interior and that volcanoes are mere chimneys leading out from a 4000 mile-deep inferno.

Rather, the newer theory of volcanos is that since the earth is relatively solid underneath the crust with which we are familiar, intensive heat caused either by chemical reaction or radio active substances melts rocks in the glassy layer of material 500 to 700 miles down. Gases are given off and the result is a pressure which forces white-hot lava to the surface.

There, if the cork is tight, the volcanic material may be held back.

But, enough Nazi bombs dropped into the gigantic cone might crack, or completely shatter, the cork.

More than two years ago it was suggested in The American Weekly that dropping six-ton blockbusters down the craters of Japan's many volcanoes might be the most effective way of wiping out Tojo and his yellow devils.

Not only would such [illegible] eruptions wreck war plants and make thousands of Nipponese homeless. A widespread volcanic cataclysm, with its accompanying earthquakes and destructive tidal waves would be a blow to Jap morale.

Fujiyama, the Sacred Mountain of Japan, is intimately tied up with Nipponese worship. When it exudes fire and brimstone that is a sign that the gods are angry—a Jap evil portent.

Mt. Mihara on the island of Oshima has been the scene of hundreds of mass suicides of persons seeking the perfect death and desiring to reach the equivalent of a Japanese Heaven.

PONTIAC

But we fully understood, too, the

Yes, Pontiac workmen know that

PONTIAC DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

BUY WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS

Keep America Free!

How We Learned To Talk

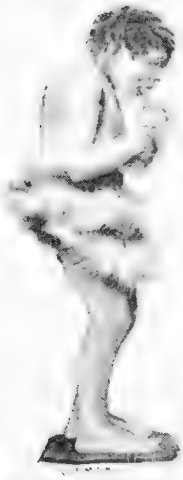
Early Man First Learned to Associate Spoken Sounds With Objects, Then With Ideas; From This Gibberish Our Vocabulary Evolved—In a Few Thousand Centuries.

By GOBIND BEHARI LAL
Noted Science Analyst

H

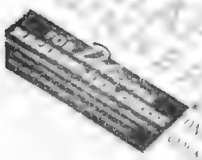
The Forerunner of Speech—Baby's Private Language Which Means Something to Him But Sounds Like Double Talk

The Tongues of the Builders of the Scriptural Tower of Babel Were No More Confused Than Those of Our Remote Forebears Whose Unintelligible Babble Formed the Basis of the First Crude Languages



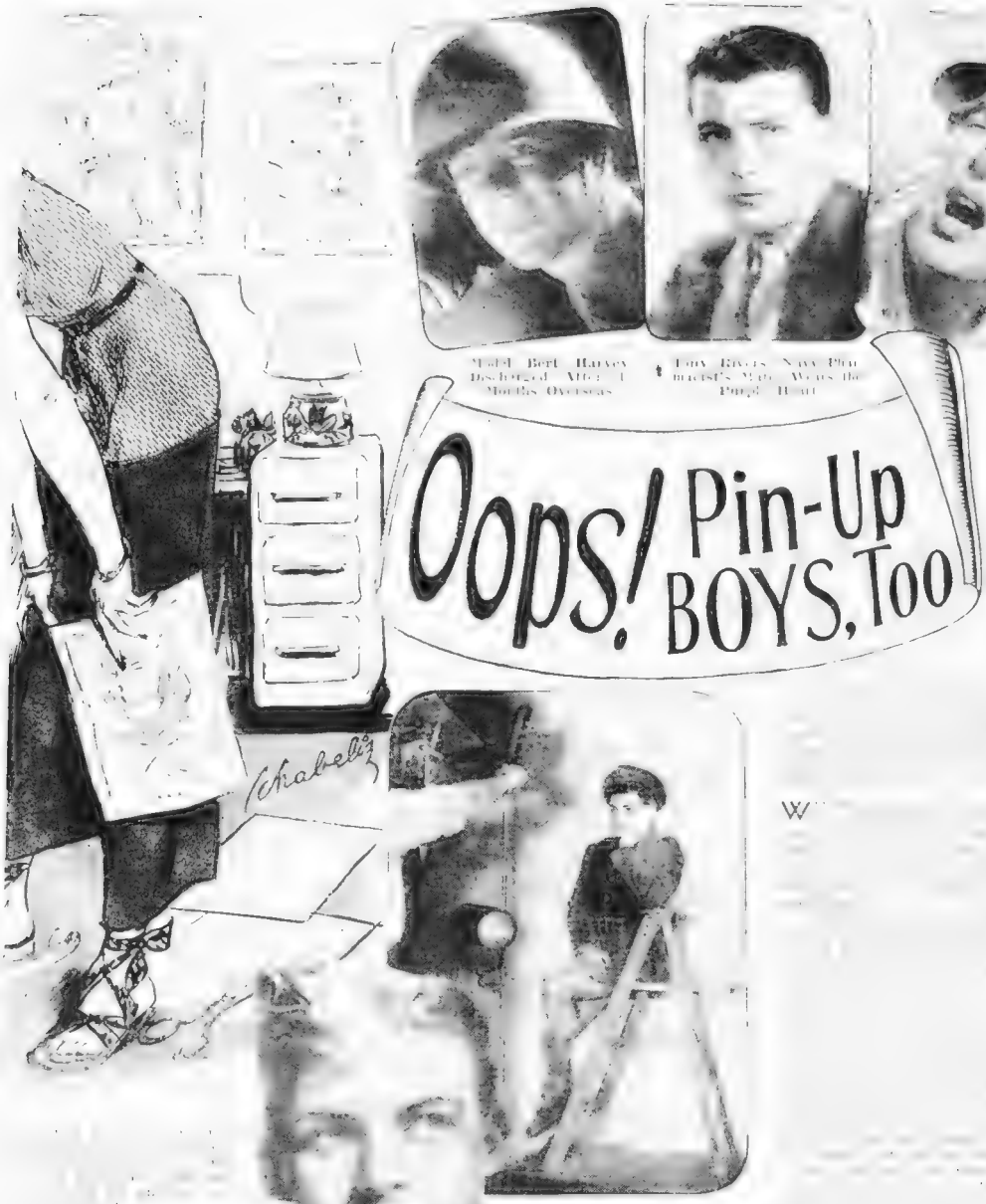
A Man of Few Ideas and Fewer Words.

Delicious Macaroni-and-Cheese that cooks in 7 minutes



BOTH ingredients in one box

KRAFT GRATED



Model Bert Harvey Discharged After 1 Months Overseas

Tony Rivers, Navy Pin-up Girl's Mate, Wears the Purple Heart

Paul Larson (the Leg Art Won't Show in the Ad) Can Make an Army Sergeant Pose Authentic Because He Was One, Until His Health Gave Out and He Received a Medical Discharge

Model Patrick Meaney, Ex-Canadian Army

at no extra cost!

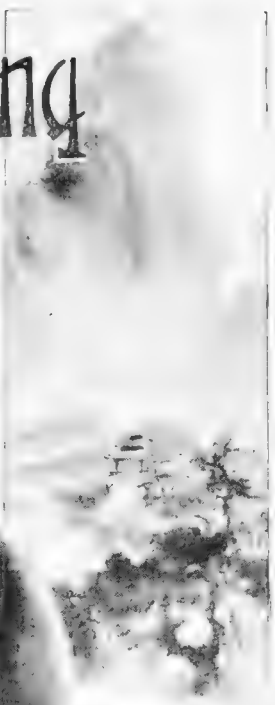
An electric fan in every tube! That's the effect you get when you use Mennen Menthol-iced Lather Shave. Costs more to make, but costs you no more than ordinary shave cream. You get refreshing COOLNESS at *no extra cost!* This *plus feature* has made Mennen Menthol-iced Lather the largest-selling shave cream of its kind... the favorite of millions of men. Extra value... extra comfort... *but no extra cost!*

A Novel Radio Program—"Ed Sullivan Entertains"
CBS Monday Nights 7:15 p.m. EWT 6:15 p.m. CWT 8:15 p.m. MWT 8:15 p.m. PWT

Flight From Nanking

"Monkey," by Miss Chang

Perilous Escape of Chang K'un-i, China's Greatest Woman Artist. Destination: the Metropolitan Museum.



"Lichee," Another Painting by Her Master

Fish" by Kwo Wo-jo

Out of This World — in Reno

By Inez Robb

Fantastic Story of Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Alimony in the Dizzy Divorce Capital Where Law and License Never Clash

A Hayride Provides a Laugh and Helps Bored Temporary Residents Pass the Time Between Filing and Freedom.

The Zany Antics of Divorcees on the Loose and Lucky Ones Good Go On Day and Night in the Gay Metropolis of America Legal Capital of the Lax Weary, While Her Picturesque, Permanent Citizenry Welcomes the Easy Money of Easy Spenders, But Fails to Find Them Attractive.

Horsewoman Unsurpassed Alleges Whiteys Failed to Make History When She Rode a Cow Into Reno's Better Alcohol Mellows.

By INEZ ROBB
CHAPTER I

W

Heiress Jean Wallace Who Confesses and Re-Lady Marries Follows the Usual Pattern

A

Next week, Miss Robb will tell how she beat a little tragedy or grief in Reno; instead that most women paint it romantic at once.

Gambling Next to Divorce Is Reno's Principal Industry. Well a Setup That Receives Them Gladly. Parlors Are Well Heeled to Please. Slot Machines for Ol' Ladies.

Army Shovels Digging Out Clues to the Earliest American?

Military Roadbuilders May Yet Unearth the Secret of Prehistoric Man's Arrival on This Continent, Which Scientists Believe Is Buried Somewhere in the Fastnesses of the Alaskan Wilderness

A Modern "Miss Tibet," Whose Ancestors Were the American Indian's Forebears.

By DR. HELGE LARSEN
Curator, National Museum,
Copenhagen, Denmark

WA

A continuous influx of tribes, each

The Patagonian Girl of Today Still Resembles Her "Cousin" in Tibet.

almost immediately. Yet, it is reasonable to believe that some must have been buried in the Far North

Your Skin Softer, Smoother

with just One Cake of Camay!

Skin specialists prove Camay is Really Mild. Complexions grow lovelier day by day

So mild...cleanses

Go on the

WARTIME "SOAP-SAVERS"

The materials that go into soap are precious—so make your Camay L-A-S-T!

GET GOOD LATHER from just a few rubs on the Camay cake. Use only what you need.

KEEP CAMAY DRY...Take it from the water after lathering. Wrap your soap dish dry.

USE EVERY SLIVER...Sew up a washcloth for a bathmit. Put Camay slivers inside. You'll get grand lather!

CAMAY

OF WOODSIDE, L. I.

Youthful!

Romantic!

Terrific!

Melody and moon light combine to make your heart beat faster!

ROY ROGERS
KING OF THE COWBOYS
TRIGGER SMARTEST HORSE IN THE MOVIES

with DALE EVANS
GEORGE CLEVELAND • HARRY SHANNON
GRANT WITHERS
BOB NOLAN and the SONS OF THE PIONEERS

HEAR ROY SING
Take It Easy · Lucky Me, Unlucky You · Song of the Range · Down In the Old Town Hall · Western Wonderland · Tobber · Home Sweet Home

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

Paper Doll Genius

Most People Who Cut Out Paper Dolls Are Headed for a Trip to the Psychiatrist—But One Hollywood Big Shot Makes Good Money at the Game.

Took an Island with His Teeth

THE old adage "nothing that is false ever does anybody any good"—may be true enough but it would be a big mistake to say that it applied to the American sailor who recent[illegible]

When the Yanks moved in on the Island, a part of the New Ireland Group the [illegible] Gauge of the invasion party were wonder[illegible]

"The natives looked on in awe," according to Sergeant Ray Fitzpatrick who witnessed the event. "They gathered around, gesticulating excitedly, and the seabee had to put the plate back [illegible]

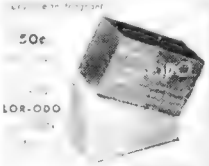
"The [illegible] aborigines got to [illegible] sailor as a kind of god, and it wasn't long before all the natives were paying him homage and bringing him baskets of fruit as [illegible]

The *Fragrant* BAR that Bars Perspiration Odor

LOR-ODO

Apply it like a lipstick—Avoids fingernail mess

Retards perspiration. Removes tell-tale odor. Leaves under arms [illegible]



If unable to [illegible] send 6 [illegible] 6 East 39th St., New York 16, N. Y.

STOP GOO

HANDKERCHIEF TEST

PROVES VITAL ZONE SPOTLESS AND FREE FROM "GOO"—*no matter how often you smoke it!*

HESSON GUARD
MILANO

Many subjects of scientific and general interest appear in The American Weekly months and sometimes years before they are to [illegible] elsewhere.

For New Glamor
—the only "COLOR-KEYED"
Face Powder in the World

25¢ and 50¢ purse size at drug, department and variety stores. Buy Park & Tilford Face Powder, for new glamor . . . today!

FIND YOUR COLOR GROUP

GROUP 1 (FAIR)			GROUP 2 (MEDIUM)			GROUP 3 (DARK)		
NATURAL	LIGHT RACHEL	DARK RACHEL	ROSE GLOW	DARK ROSE GLOW	GOLDEN RACHEL	BRUNETTE	LIGHT NUT BROWN	NUT BROWN

In YOUR GROUP choose the *darker* shades for daytime, the lighter for evening.

PARK & TILFORD
"COLOR-KEYED"
Face Powder

When will the war be over?...

A month after it could have been won?.
A year longer than it should have taken?

American women must give the answer

What American woman doesn't [illegible]
Who wouldn't do anything [illegible]
[illegible] children [illegible] to their parents? [illegible]
because some women [illegible]
[illegible]s to be fought. The [illegible]
[illegible]tal to our success. It [illegible]
[illegible]wer it requires, the incre[illegible]
[illegible]perative that more [illegible]
[illegible]s a week [illegible]
[illegible] job that [illegible]
[illegible] will last longer [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

What you can do...

Act! Read [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Social Se[illegible]
Watch [illegible] in local newspapers—
[illegible] of United States Employment
[illegible] of Navy Recruiting Stations—
[illegible] among your friends... There's work
[illegible] there's a way to be won!

The more women at war—
the sooner we'll win

PUBLISHED IN CO-OPERATION WITH THE DRUG, COSMETIC AND ALLIED INDUSTRIES BY

THE MAKERS OF **BAYER ASPIRIN**

JUVENILES on the LOOSE

Who Make Hoosh One of Us Gang.

BY GENEVIEVE PARMELEE
Nationally Recognized Research Authority and
Author of "Juvenile Delinquency"
Now Head to Our Boys'
Next Juvenile Clubs

The Startling, Sobering Story of American Adolescents on a Wartime Binge of Irresponsibility, by the Famous Investigator and Author Who Calls Out to Parents and Officials to Rehabilitate Our Wayward and Jittery Kids

THE END

Even an Entirely Guiltless Girl Who Is, Or Who Just Looks Under Age, Runs the Embarrassing Risk of Being Hustled Off to the Police Station If Found in a Night Spot Unless She Can Produce Proof She's Not a Minor.

Promontory Point

[illegible] 10, 1869—the realization of a [illegible] Lincoln who visualized the [illegible] Pacific [illegible]

Union Pacific [illegible] troubled years [illegible] October [illegible] progress, [illegible] faith in America's future. Edward H. Harriman had unbounded faith in America. His guiding [illegible] the faith of the leaders "from the ranks" who followed him—[illegible]

America [illegible] opportunity and ample reward as an [illegible] country. It is [illegible] keep it free [illegible]

This year marks the 75th Anniversary—the Diamond Jubilee—of the driving of the Golden Spike, the completion of "The Strategic Middle Route." Union Pacific commemorates that historic [illegible] materials and troops so that victory and peace [illegible]

[illegible] "YOUR AMERICA" [illegible] Coast Network [illegible] Consolidated [illegible] newspaper [illegible]

UNION PACIFIC
RAILROAD

Skip the Hips—Watch Her Hands

In That Part of the Hula That Brings the Hips Into Play, the Movement Is a Gentle Swaying—and the Hands Are Much More Important in the Dancer's Interpretation of an Ancient Terpsichorean Art.

Even Hula Dancers Are Likely to Lapse Into Jitterbugging and Get Themselves Ungracefully Out of Shape.

NOT every sinuous young woman who gets into a grass skirt and a flower necklace is a hula dancer—even if she wiggles prettily to Hawaiian music.

That's the considered opinion of Natalia Wood, whose classes is shown in the photographs and who would enlighten the customers of night clubs and beer halls about the correct form of the dance.

"The real hula," she says, "is not so much a matter of hips as of hands. Any swaying of the hips is accidental to the rhythm of the arms and fingers. The trained hula girl can express beautifully, a hundred moods of the dance with her hands."

When jitterbugs and boogie-woogie dancers put on a hula outfit and bump and jive, they are vulgarizing an old and graceful Polynesian art.

Smile, *Plain Girl*, Smile!

Give your smile a brighter, more winning sparkle with the aid of Ipana and Massage!

CHIN UP, Plain Girl! Glance at the [illegible] lar girls in your crowd—girl [illegible] attractive invite romance. Very few [illegible] *But they all have one thing in common*—*plain girl, smile!* Not [illegible] but a radiant [illegible] charm. [illegible] sparkling teeth and [illegible]

"Pink tooth brush"—a warning!

[illegible]

[illegible]

Dentists have been dental research [illegible] keep your teeth [illegible] your smile more [illegible]

DENTISTS PREFER IPANA 2 TO 1
over any other dentifrice for personal use
Based upon the results of a recent nationwide survey among thousands of dentists.
Ipana—Product of Bristol-Myers

START TODAY WITH

Ipana *and* Massage

Don't let it lie idle any longer!

Schick Injector Blades ARE BACK!

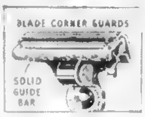
...any longer... to settle ... less-than-perfect morning shave. We're now able to meet all ... for ... Schick Blades, civilian as well as military. So...

It's back to work for the razor that made shaving history

... a pleasure instead of a chore, ... these revolutionary Schick Injector ...

AUTOMATIC BLADE CHANGE

SOLID GUIDE BAR



DOUBLE-THICK BLADES

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR and BLADES

Magazine Repeating Razor Co.
Bridgeport, Conn.

Monster Ends Myth

The Citizens of Punta Arenas Ran in Panic When They Saw the Queer Looking Sea Monster Lumbering Up Their Main Street.

THE 10 ... of C... "sea ..."

... During the last 10 years, ... sea serpent has ... reported up and down the long Chilean ...

WHEN the monster was ...

NEXT WEEK

"The Magic Picture"

That Restores Shattered Homes

Still working wonders in mending broken marriages is the "Magic Picture" that appeared in The American Weekly 10 years ago. Read how lovers, judges and social workers are using Percy Crosby's famous drawing to bring warring husbands and wives together again and save their children from the pathetic consequences of divorce.

in the May 14 issue of

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE **"FINGERNAIL TEST?"**

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW **WILDROOT CREAM-OIL**

2 Keeps your hair well combed all day long, and without a trace of that greasy look! And grooming without grease means no more stained hatbands, no greasy pillow slips! Your hair looks good and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC
CONTAINS
LANOLIN!
GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!

"O-O-O-O MY FEET!"

QUICK RELIEF!

GET PROMPT RELIEF WITH EFFICIENT SOOTHING JOHNSON'S FOOT SOAP ... CORNS AND CALLOUSES
★ AT ALL DRUGGISTS AND TOILET GOODS DEPARTMENTS

JOHNSON'S FOOT SOAP

If it's a case of "double or nothing"

Every real pipe-smoker wants (1) honest-to-Henry tobacco *flavor;* plus (2) cool, soothing *mildness.* And if you want to discover *double smoking-joy*—flavor *and* mildness—make a date with Model! Yessir—Model's a quality tobacco—every rich, mellow morsel. Model knows how a fine tobacco should *taste;* knows how it should *act* in your pipebowl. Model never flares up in a fit of bad temper—never "talks back" with a bit of bad taste. Burns slow, easy-like and dry-ash clean down to the last peace-making puff. So hurry, brother, and double your smoking joy—make a date with Model!

MEN: How'd you like to have a luscious pin-up picture of this gorgeous gal—Jinx Falkenburg, artist's model? O.K. Send your name and address on a postcard (no letters please) to: Model Tobacco, P. O. Box 37, Station G, New York 19, N. Y. We'll send you FREE, a swell 7"x 9" full-color print. Only one to a person. Offer good in U. S. A. only

...ABOUT IT MAKE A DATE WITH MODEL'S "GAY NINETIES" ... COAST TO COAST EVERY MONDAY NIGHT.

Make a date with MODEL

Don't Shoot Your Gas-Pump-Man!

For safer driving install new Anco
RAIN-MASTER
WINDSHIELD WIPER
Blades and Arms
THE ANDERSON COMPANY
Gary, Indiana
Creators since 1918 of accepted automotive products

New Decorating Tricks

That Crisply Dress-Up Decoration on the Wall Above the Dressing Table Was Easy to Put On. One of the New Cut-Out, Ready-Pasted Appliques

By JANE TEN BROEK

B

call for much money. Clever young housekeepers these

th paint and new

"Don't throw anything

are good they can be re made into simple draperies,

cushions and other things.

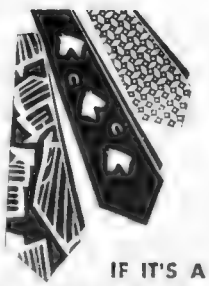
suds (previously described

You Can Do It

Y

New Appliques

F



IF IT'S A
SMOOTHIE*
IT'S WRINKLE RESISTANT
ORDER NOW
IMMEDIATE DELIVERY
A. Schrater & Sons, Inc.
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Please send me

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Get relief with St. Joseph Aspirin
America's Largest Seller at 10¢
St. Joseph
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Ever-Ready Oil 10¢

In ONE magic box TINTEX brings you a dye for EVERY fabric ONLY 10¢ — 15¢ FOR THE LARGE SIZE

Insist on ALL FABRIC Tintex! With Tintex you don't have to worry what the material is you want to dye—Tintex dyes it easily, perfectly. Comes in the same Gray Box modern have bought for years. Over 50 true colors. 10¢ and 15¢ sizes at drug, dept. & 5¢ to $1 stores. Why pay more? Buy ALL FABRIC Tintex—America's quality Dye!
GUARANTEED by PARK & TILFORD to dye ALL fabrics including Celanese, Nylon and Mixtures

Tintex
All-fabric
TINTS & DYES

Make-up created by the men who make up the Hollywood Stars

ANN SHERIDAN

SHINE ON HARVEST MOON"

The Westmores — Perc, Wally and Bud — not only make up the Hollywood stars but have actually created the make-up with which they do it. And it's that very make-up you get when you buy House of Westmore's lipstick, foundation or cake

House of Westmore offers the perfect make-up. It gives you a lovely, attractive beauty — goes on smoothly and really stays on. You will like the fine texture and

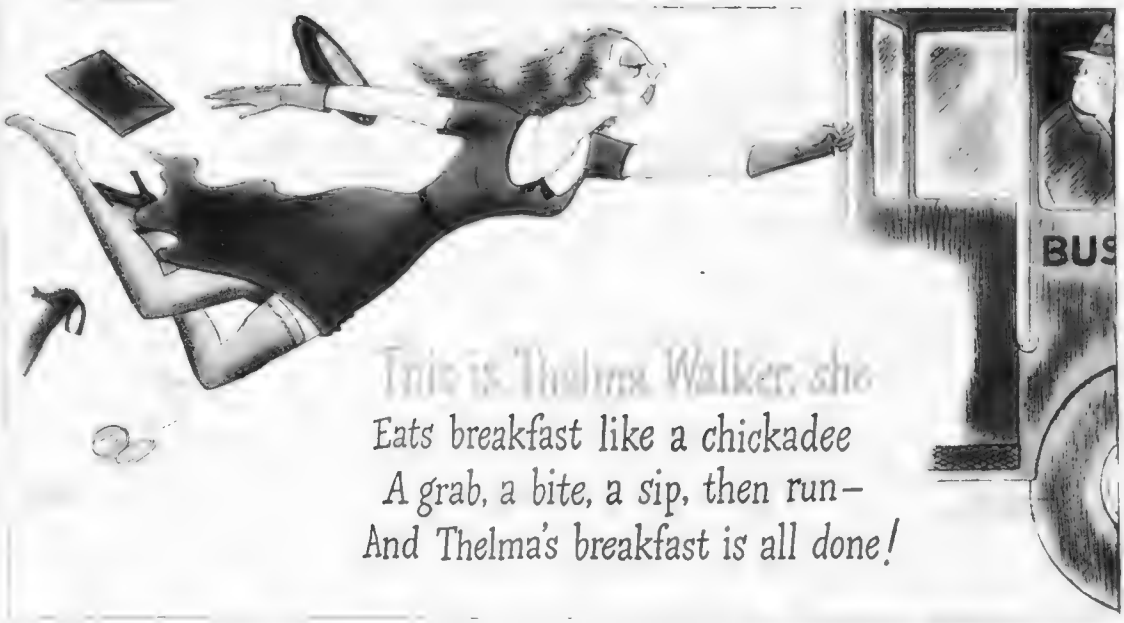
House of
WESTMORE
MAKE UP

My heart is young—and so is yours. Why invite age, then, by letting our hair turn gray? Especially when beauty shops are so clever with ETERNOL. After one short ETERNOL TINT OIL SHAMPOO all hint of gray is gone. Glowing tints are washed into every strand. Your hair sparkles anew—and the whole world warms to your youthfulness

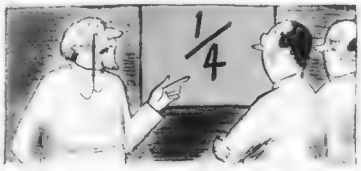
You're out of luck with your hair!

eternol
TINT OIL SHAMPOO
for dull, drab or graying hair. Tints, reconditions, cleanses in one simple operation.
Write for Booklet A-3
PARAGON DISTRIBUTING CORP., 8 WEST 32nd ST., NEW YORK 1, N.Y.
Caution: Use only as directed on label

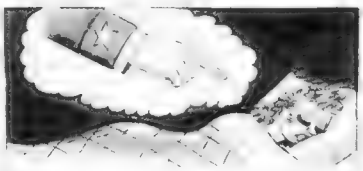
Keep Up to Date With The American Weekly



This is Thelma Walker, she
Eats breakfast like a chickadee
A grab, a bite, a sip, then run–
And Thelma's breakfast is all done!

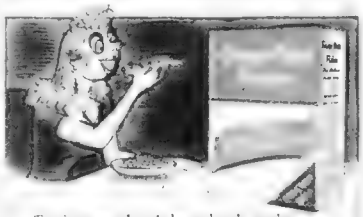


Now doctors and dietitians say
One fourth our nourishment each day
Should be eaten at the breakfast table
To keep us fresh and fit and able.



Hark, Thelma Walker, please take heed.
It's whole-grain nourishment you need–
The kind to which Uncle Sam alludes
When he mentions Basic 7 Foods!

Wake up, girl, for goodness' sakes.
Start off your day with Grape-Nuts Flakes
They're whole-grain, wholesome, eating fun
Chock-full of Vitamin B_1!



Try just one bowl, lean back and savor
that "hurry let's-have seconds" flavor!
Rich nut-brown flakes in milk or cream
spell high with first – in thrift and health!

How in am on, don't be late–
A better breakfast you never ate!

Government authorities say: Most of us don't get an adequate breakfast.

Doctors and Dietitians say: All of us should get at least ¼ of our daily nourishment at breakfast.

Nutritionists say: An adequate breakfast includes *both* fruit *and* a cereal with whole-grain nourishment.

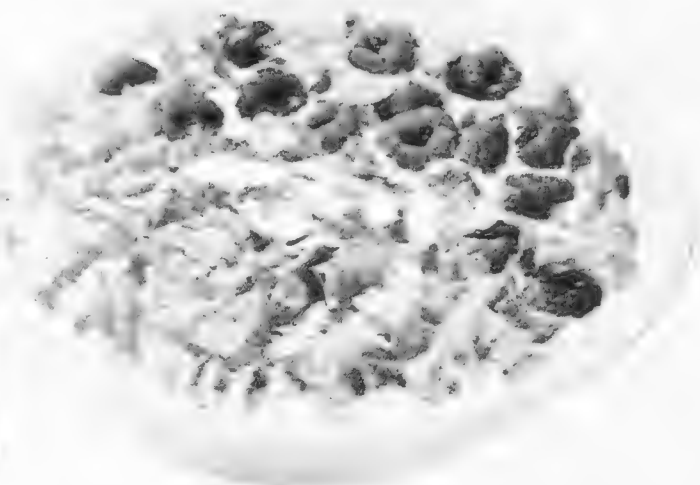
We say: All General Foods cereals provide whole-grain nourishment.

GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES • GRAPE-NUTS
GRAPE-NUTS WHEAT-MEAL • POST TOASTIES
POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES

Grape-Nuts Flakes

A CEREAL FOODS CEREAL

Eat a good breakfast – do a better job!



Vegetables Are Essential Foods

By FLORENCE BROBECK
Women's Editor

The Vegetable Stands Are Heaped With the First Garden Crops. Use Them in Nourishing Dishes.

Shop Early in the Day While Supplies Are Fresh.

● SPRING LAMB STEW: Awfully

1 Bay Leaf
2 tbsp. Minced Parsley
tsp. Thyme
1 cup cooked Rice
1 cup cooked Celery
tsp. Dry Onions
2 cups

4 cups cubed Raw Potatoes
1 cup Fresh Peas

not
Cover tightly. Cook 20 t

SAVES WORK! Bisquick gives you six ingredients already blended: Vegetable shortening, baking powder, Gold Medal Enriched Flour, salt, sugar, powdered milk.

HIGHER BERRIES!

● FAMILY PROOF! Su

New Methods

Here are the helpful tips

Carrots Lyonnaise

Cream Sauce

French Peas

1 cup new green peas
cream lettuce

2 tablespoons
1 cup boiling
Cover

½ teaspoon salt
½ cup cream sauce
2 tablespoons grated Cheese

Asparagus

Cup

Herb Toppings

F

teaspoon chili pow
teaspoon curry
der.

the delicate appeal of
vegetables will
fashion for your favo

New Flavors

S ING for vegetables
seasoning may
the early stage of

Cook vegetables quickly. Long cooking destroys vitamins. Cook them covered in the steam and except and peas. Do not stir and peas. Serve in cooked. Avoid heating hot and reheat as vitamin potency is lessened when the food is stored or be twice

OLDER PEOPLE!

Try Great Tonic Many Doctors Advise

-tasting Scott's Emulsion

Try SCOTT'S EMULSION
Great Year-Round Tonic

ALMANAC BREAD AND ROLL RECIPE CHART

HAVE you sent a Three-cent stamp for your Favorite Bread and Roll Recipe Chart? If you haven't, you'd better get your request in to us right today. Now that you're again baking more in your switch to flour, you'll be pleased with the recipes for many of your old favorites you had forgotten, and you'll find new ones that will please your family's taste.

ALMANAC RECIPES, THE AMERICAN WEEKLY,
239 EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19, NEW YORK

It's just like getting an **extra** pair of stockings!

LUXed stockings last twice as long

Here's good news! Strain tests proved Luxed stockings don't go into runs nearly so fast as those rubbed with cake soap or washed with a strong soap. Luxing helps stockings last *twice* as long—it's just like getting an *extra* pair every time you buy a pair.

Over 90% of the makers of stockings recommend LUX

THEN CAME PEARL HARBOR!

Instantly our big tuna clippers went into the Navy "for the duration." Restricted to "off-shore" fishing with small boats, our fishermen are doing a heroic job; have kept our pack up to about half of 1940. Of course, military requirements have "first call"; the balance goes to America's grocery stores. So, keep on asking your grocer for these *quality* brands; he'll frequently have them for you.

Buy EITHER brand... the quality is the same

VAN CAMP SEA FOOD CO., INC. Terminal Island, California

FAMOUS VAN CAMP SEA FOODS

WHITE STAR TUNA

Chicken of the Sea BRAND TUNA

Work and Play Clothes

Donna Reed in "See Here, Private Hargrove," Wears This White Two-Piece.

Blue and White Chambray Sun and Suds Proof Play Suit, Matching Shirt.

COTTONS, especially those that are tub and sun-fast, will dominate the scene this Summer. Girls will wear them to work in offices and war plants, on the farm and to jobs on playgrounds and in nursery schools. Mom will wear them around the house and in the garden, and when she goes to market, and to church on Sunday.

Gay, young cottons will dance with boys in uniform, play on beaches, trudge on foot to a picnic place for an afternoon of monkeyshines and fun with more uniforms.

Lovely Colors

THE colors are beautiful and becoming, the patterns everything from the plaid ginghams of long ago, to new waffle piques in solid color with large pattern borders, flowers, stars, and others, all easily turned into dresses that are different, and yet cost so little.

Pinafores, slack suits, shirts and shorts are popular for the young and slender. Street costumes of black cotton gabardine skirts (very new) worn with plaid cotton seersucker blouses, to tie on without a single fastening, are among outstanding styles. The teen-age pinafores and suits also come in black as well as window-pane plaids of pretty colors.

Gingham Again

ALEXIS SMITH, Warner Brothers star in Hollywood, wears a short dinner dress of black and white checked gingham. The neckline is one of the new drawstring affairs, the skirt flared out from a fitted bodice. Both hem and neckline are edged with a ruffle of the same fabric as the dress. It is buttoned from neck to hem, and has a soft belt that ties.

Ann Sheridan wears a circus-stripe cotton dress, made with a halter-necked blouse.

Cottons by the yard cut and sew so easily that you can make a dress or play suit in an hour or two. This is the summer to try home sewing of all kinds.

SCALP ODOR and ROMANCE don't mix

No man can entertain thoughts of romance if you're not dainty—and certainly scalp odor won't help you win him.

The scalp perspires, too—and oily hair in particular absorbs unpleasant odors. You might have scalp odor—*and not know it.* To be sure, make this test: check up on your hairbrush, your hat, your pillow.

Be on the safe side all the time—shampoo regularly with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. This scientific shampoo, containing pure medicinal pine tar, not only cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly but also leaves the hair fresh and fragrant. The delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears.

Why take a chance that scalp odor will spoil romance? Get Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo—at any drug, department and ten-cent store.

PACKER'S Pine Tar SHAMPOO

Vitamins?

...I GET PLENTY!

My Red Heart Dog Biscuits give me all the vitamins and minerals I need! They promote my good health and looks, too. Grand tasting and grand for giving teeth a work-out—Red Heart Dog Biscuits are thrifty. Your grocer has 'em—in handy 11-oz. cartons and 2-lb. bags. John Morrell & Co., General Offices, Ottumwa, Iowa.

RED HEART DOG BISCUITS

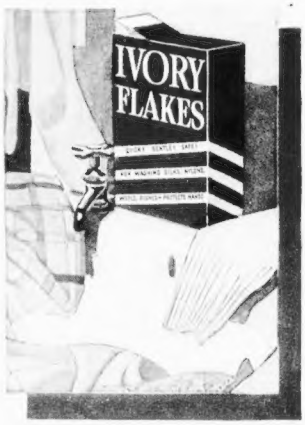
"LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT was just a myth to me, until I met my Maritime Petty Officer—and married him in nine days!" says Manhattan War Bride, Mrs. Francis T. Dickson. "And I've *never* repented in a year and a half! Even painting our apartment hasn't discouraged me! Jobs like that plus outfitting a four-months' old baby boy haven't left much time or money for clothes-shopping. But, thank goodness, my husband still beams over my pretty trousseau, when he gets home. Good thing I heard about Ivory Flakes care for twice the wear.

"I'm never 'at sea' for something pretty to wear—I'm onto

TWICE the Wear with Ivory Flakes care!"

"DON'T TREAT THINGS ROUGHLY with the wrong kind of soap," is Mrs. Dickson's sound advice. "Change to gentle care with pure, mild Ivory Flakes." Stacks of wash tests on sweaters, baby clothes, lingerie, dresses and blouses prove hard-to-replace washables get as much as twice the wear with Ivory Flakes care. It's gentle with *all* your precious sudsables—stockings, girdles, curtains and lots more!

"MAKE IVORY FLAKES LAST LONGER, TOO! I do," says Mrs. Dickson. "Perhaps you're wasting soap without knowing it. Call a halt to that! *Soaps use vital war materials.* Measure Ivory Flakes in a cup or glass and add carefully to *lukewarm water.* Even a small amount of Ivory Flakes, the flake form of baby's mild Ivory, makes scads of rich suds."



Wash tests prove the Ivory Flakes way
Helps keep "pretties" bright and gay!

Lorraine Day
in Cecil B. de Mille's
"THE STORY OF DR. WASSELL"
A Paramount Picture

TRU-CURL
Agrees with Your Hair

Never will your hair be dry, kinky or brittle after a Tru-Curl permanent, because Tru-Curl waving ingredients contain no harmful chemicals or harsh metallic salts. This famous permanent transforms your straight locks into shining, natural-appearing waves and ringlets that look as if they grew curly. Tru-Curl lotion is harmless and gentle. It "agrees" with your hair.

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permanent waves

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Send me a set of Frederic Molders in my permanent wave Frederic Tru-Curl Permanent is given at home. Also send free booklet which describes all Frederic Famous permanents.
Name
Address
City State

FOR 28 YEARS AMERICA'S FINEST PERMANENTS

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JERIS
HAIR OIL
MILLIONS OF BOTTLES USED YEARLY

BRUSH AWAY
GRAY HAIR
...AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily blot telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c and $1.05 (5 times as much) at drug or toilet counters or a money-back guarantee. Ask for BROWNATONE. Get it today.

Perfect Baked Potatoes

A PINCH is better than a poke as a method of finding out whether a baked potato is done, according to home economists of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. The common practice of jabbing a fork into the potato lets out steam and means longer baking. A better test is to hold the potato with a cloth and gently press between thumb and forefinger without breaking the skin. The fingers can feel whether the potato is soft all through.

Let the Steam Out

THE moment the potato is done it should be opened to let the steam escape and leave the flesh white and light rather than soggy. Cut a crisscross in the skin on one side of the potato, then pinch the potato so hard that some of the white inside will be forced through the brown skin. Into this steaming opening put the seasoning, whether it is butter, drippings, bits of hot crisp fried salt pork, gravy or other table fats.

Good sized old potatoes are ideal for baking. Scrub them well and dry them before they go into the oven so the skins may be eaten. Thick, crusty skins supply considerable iron. Choose potatoes of about the same size to bake together so they cook in the same length of time. Bake them in a medium oven (350 to 375 degrees F.) from 40 to 60 minutes depending on their size. Too hot an oven makes the outside hard before the heat penetrates the inside, and slows up the cooking. Greasing the outside, as some cooks do, makes a soft, greasy skin, rather than a crisp crust.

Health helpers in potatoes? Yes, a small amount of easily digested protein; highly available iron for red blood; essential Vitamin C as well as some B and G.

Sugar for Canning

SUBSTANTIAL supplies of sugar have been set aside for home canning this year in spite of the limited supply of sugar for general civilian use. This is because of the importance of home canning in the country's wartime food program. Watch for canning and preserving articles in later issues.

NAZI-JAP ERASER

For free labels in patriotic colors to paste on fat-saving containers send a stamped, addressed envelope to the Household Almanac, American Weekly, 235 East 45th Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Easy-to-Sew Patterns

Pattern 3687. Streamlined coat-dress. Sizes 12 to 20, 30 to 44. Size 16 requires 5¾ yards 35-inch fabric.

Pattern 3686 ..... Pinafore prefered. Sizes 14 to 20, 52 to 42. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 35-inch fabric.

Pattern 3007. Elegant looking doilies in pineapple crochet.

EACH PATTERN together with a needlework pattern of useful and decorative motifs for linens and garments, TWENTY CENTS. Write plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER. Send your order to the AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPARTMENT, 635 Sixth Avenue, New York 11, New York.

Due to customs restrictions Canadian orders cannot be filled.

No finer fit at any price

BESTFORM BRASSIERES
79¢
BESTFORM FOUNDATIONS
$2.50 to $6.50

BESTFORM
means 'best form'

Date Tonight?
Play Safe—avoid underarm odor with Mum

30 seconds with quick, dependable Mum guards charm all evening long

One small neglect can spell disaster to your special date. So don't risk underarm odor! Play safe—guard charm with Mum every day. Remember your bath takes care of *past* perspiration—but Mum every day, after every bath, prevents risk of *future* odor. Mum's gentle, pleasing to use—and works—instantly! Use Mum today—you'll like it!

MUM'S QUICK—Smoothes on in 30 seconds—guards charm all day or evening.

MUM'S SAFE—Use it anytime, even after you're dressed. Safe for fabrics. Won't irritate skin.

MUM'S SURE—Without stopping perspiration Mum *prevents risk of underarm odor.* You can *trust* Mum!

Product of Bristol-Myers

MUM

GET MUM TODAY!
MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Write for chart picturing beautiful all-smooth models, telling benefits of
MARVELOUS PATENTED FILTER
Also same styles, all-etched, with Eagle or "V" engraved PATRIOTIC EMBLEMS specially designed for men in service as well as civilians.
Wm. Demuth & Co., Inc., N.Y. 3

AMERICA'S FIRST POST WAR PEN

Now ready! Answers your '64 QUESTION...

THE NEW EVERSHARP "Fifth Avenue"

"SELF-BLOTTING"—This pen uses quick-dry ink . . . writes perfectly with *any* ink. THE TIP is hooded, streamlined and directional . . . covers and shields the point. THE POINT—barely peeking out—is as smooth as silk. THE FEED—is the new, improved Magic Feed. It prevents ink flooding or leaking—high in a plane—so at ground level, too.

Now look above the circle. It's streamlined with abbreviated friction-snap cap of 14-k gold over sterling silver. Matching gold barrel-ends—new deep-pocket military clip! Choice of colors—both men's and ladies' sizes.

PEN, $12.50. Repeater Pencil, $6.50. Complete Set, $19.00.

GUARANTEED FOREVER—Service on Eversharp Pens and Pencils identified by this mark on clip VV is GUARANTEED FOREVER—subject to 35c charge for postage, insurance, handling, if parts are returned.

If you have to wait for your EVERSHARP, don't blame your dealer. EVERSHARP is building hundreds of thousands of precision pens and pencils for our Armed Forces. And our fighting men come first!

Tune in "TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT" with PHIL BAKER, CBS, SUN. NIGHTS. Also Hear "LET YOURSELF GO" with MILTON BERLE, Blue Network, TUES. NIGHTS

Give EVERSHARP and you give the finest!

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